

THE
SARAH-AD:
OR, A
FLIGHT for FAME.
A
BURLESQUE POEM
IN
Three CANTO's,
IN
HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.

FOUNDED ON

*An Account of the Conduct of the Dowager
Du ———s of M ———gb, from her first coming to
Court, to the Year 1710. In a Letter from herself
to my Lord ———.* K

Proper to be bound up therewith.

Two Trumpets *she* does sound at once,
But Both of clean contrary Tones ;
But whether Both with the same Wind,
Or One before, and One behind,
We know not ; only this can tell,
The One sounds Vilely, th' Other Well. Butler.

L O N D O N :

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SARAH-AD:

RIGHT FOR NAME

BURLESCUE POEM

THREE CANYONS

ILLUSTRATED VERSION

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... of the ... in the ...

Proposed to be ... up the ...

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THE
SARAH-AD.

CANTO I.

TIFF as I am, worn out with Age,
With Gaming, Politicks and Rage;
Yet still my pristine Pride retaining,
That is—my Lord, you know my Meaning.
These Presents I to you indite,
To set the World in some Things right;
For, to speak Truth, 'twixt you and me,
They've with my Name made very free.
Tis somewhere in the Scripture said
Tho' 'tis so long since I have read

I've near forgot) That from the Mouth
Of *Babes* and *Sucklings* comes the *Truth* :
As second Childhood I pronounce,
Then, what I say is *right* for *once*.

I've often been by Scholars told,
Who've read Philosophers of old,
Who *Behmen* and *Descartes* knew,
And conn'd the *Stag'rile* thro' and thro';
Who quoted Authors long unknown ;
That there's a Rule in *Ethicks* shewn,
Whereby you may yourself persuade
To mind not what is of you said ;
Or when you from this World shall jog,
To heed no more than a dead Dog,
Whether they praise you, or contrive
To brand you worse than when alive.
If this be Wisdom, on my Word,
I am very Fool, my Lord !
I own 'tis too refin'd for me ;
I'm fond of Praise, and prais'd I'll be.

The very lowest of Mankind,
 To ev'ry other Passion blind,
 Are anxious still for Fame and Praise,
 And what the World of Mortals says.
 If *Joan* can neatly wash a Clout,
Joan shou'd commended be no doubt :
 If *John*, by some peculiar Smack
 Of Whip, turns short, or keeps the Track,
John 'mongst his Brother Coachmen's eager
 O'er Ale or Beer to cut a Figure ;
Robert's esteem'd for handling Flail,
 And *Ciss* for her clean milking Pail :
 And shall a D——s, rich and sage,
 Attention less than these engage ?
 People may laugh, but what care I,
 The Cast is thrown, and so I'll try :
 You know at *Hazard*, when the Bett
 Is made, or to the Caster sett,
 'Tis then, my Lord, out of our Pow'r
 To draw it 'till the Hand is o'er

(But

(But, cods my Life! if I talk thus,
 People will think the Dice I use,
 And one wou'd, for one's own dear Sake,
 Be thought some Virtues to partake)
 I'm sure that all my Life-time thro',
 Since first I *Good* from *Evil* knew ;
 (Which *Good*—my Sex know what I mean—
 I found out just about *Sixteen*)
 I've always aim'd, if not to merit
 Reputation, yet t'inherit,
 And that you'll say shews a good Spirit.

Now what d'ye think this Passion's done ?
 (You'll be surpriz'd at what I own)
 Why—let me die—I can't help chafing
 Whene'er I think on't, or else laughing—
 Fond of my Wit and my Address,
 I turn'd an arrant *Authorefs*.
 You'll say, perhaps, 'tis Reason weighty
 To play the Fool now I'm past Eighty :

But,

But, lard! my Lord, 'twas long ago
 Since first I did my Talents shew;
 I had a Quarrel, you must know,
 With one Dame *Burnet*, a great Scold,
 Who rated me for Stories told;
 (She whose Husband wrote *his Times*)
 She, truly! charg'd me with great Crimes:
 So, to convince that Vixen *only*
 That I was very hardly done by,
 I rav'd, I wrote, and strait in Print
 Convinc'd her there was nothing in't.

The next was——when, without a Warning,
 My *Mistress* turn'd me off one Morning;
 Poor good *Q——n Anne!*—nay, 't went so far
 I cou'd not get a *Character*——
 And that you'll say's a sad hard Case,
 For e'er since I've been *out of Place*:
 What cou'd I do? 'Twas vain to fret,
 So I e'en fate me down and writ;
 I laid about me Tooth and Nail,
 Resolv'd to tell the World my Tale,

And

And this I h'd done, but a great *Sir*,
 Wh' has lately made a furious Stir,
 Dissuaded me, and told me plain,
 It would avail me nothing then.
 Tho' since I've found the Source and Fountain
 Was an Aversion to ACCOUNTING.

I set myself another Task ;
 And what was that ? Perhaps you'll ask.
 Why 'twas to scold the Matter fairly
 With that Jade *M—sb—m* and *R—e H—r—y* ;
 And this, because I write but badly,
 And sometimes spell indeed most sadly,
 I got a Clerk o' th' Inns o' Court
 To write it down, and paid him for't :
 This I design'd t' have left behind
 A *Legacy* to all Mankind ;
 But, upon second Thoughts, 'tis best
 To let it stand the present Test.
 So, right or wrong, and *volens volens*,
 I crave your Patience and Condolence,

Whether

Whether for Fame or for Discredit
I've wrote, my Lord, and you must read it.

How strangely Things are brought about?
This World is all a Noise and Rout ;
My Reputation first began
From Feuds which rose 'twixt *Moll* and *Nan*.
Here then you'd think I shou'd begin——
But soft a Bit——come gently in——
Before the Quarrel I relate

I'll tell you how we came so great.
A tight young clever Girl was *Nancy*,
For she pleas'd mine, and I her Fancy :
Friendship in Children strongest grows,
Thus ours at *Freeshool* first arose ;
Many a *Haycock* we have tumbl'd,
And been for dirty *Samplers* pommel'd ;
At *Hooper's-hide* we oft have play'd,
As often moulded *Cockly-bread* ;
She never then a *nutting* went,
But I to Wood with her was sent.

So she no sooner ferry'd o'er
 Unto the matrimonial Shore,
 Than I too made a little Clamber,
 And rose a *a Lady o' th' Bed-chamber* ;
 And sure I was the only one
 Fit to be heard, or seen, or known,
 As witness Dame of *C—nd—n*,
 Who, like a pedant Scholar talk'd,
 And, like a Queen of *Bedlam* walk'd ;
 I only free and debonair,
 And, with a kind affecting Air,
 Quite topp'd a youthful Fav'rite's Part,
 And won my pretty *Nancy's Heart*.
 Lard ! *Sall !* say'd she, one Day, quite free,
 Why shou'd Distinction 'tween *us* be ?
 The Men call *Jack*, and *Will*, and *Tom*,
 And all are equal when at home ;
 Then why shou'd we be Strangers still,
 Who've p——t so often in a Quill ?
 Why hang me like a Dog, quoth I,
 If I know any Reason why.

Well then, quoth she, only for Fun,
 We will fictitious Names put on;
 And to avoid all Hurley Burley,
 One shall be *Freeman*, th' other *Morley*;
 Then take your Choice—O lud! you know
 I'm plainer, honefter than you,
 So *Freeman* is by right my Due.
 From this familiar Stile began,
 It was plain *Sall*, or simple *Nan*.

She kept herself a long Time quiet,
 Contented with a plain milk Diet;
 We stirr'd but seldom out of Doors,
 But play'd at *Putt*, or else all *Fours*.

Her Father he try'd very hard
 To make us change the *Turn-up Card*;
 But he, poor Man, mistook his Aim,
Shuffling himself quite out of *Game*.

Then came the Year of *Eighty-eight*,
 Which put us all in a sad Fright:
 The *Deal* in other Hands was got,
 And all the *Court Cards* went to pot;

My Mistress, in a Passion, swore

‘ She’d never see her Father more ;

‘ But risquing Neck, and Limbs, and all,

‘ She’d, from the Window, take a Fall ;

‘ And, rather then behold his Face,

‘ She’d venture turning up *black Ace.*’

But hold, said I, my Lady fair,

I have an honest Bishop near ;

Who, at his Heart, loves a young Lady,

Come, then, the Hackney Coach is ready—

We went, nor stopt we till we came

To famous Town of *Nottingham.*

There was a *Chaplet* in the Hall

Which had cost many one a Fall,

It had been in the Fam’ly long,

And had they not done us much Wrong,

It to my *Mistress* did belong :

But I advis’d her, out of Spite,

To yield, without Dispute, her Right

To *Billy Lemon*, a clean Fellow,

A Captain of the *Train-bands* yellow,

A Dapper Lad as ever p—t, Sir,
 Besides h'had marry'd too her Sister.
 I speak the Truth, tho' I ne'er lik'd him,
 For really I had somewhat piqu'd him ;
 Well, be that as it will——th' Event
 Gave him the *Chaplet* by Consent ;
 But, Lord ! to see how his Wife *Mary*
 First took Possession of the *Dairy*,
 Oh ! what a Fuss she made and Rout,
 She tofs'd the Pans and Pails about,
 And then up to the Garret flew,
 Turn'd o'er the Bed and Blankets too ;
 Oh Heav'ns ! then cry'd the marry'd Miss,
 ' Was I got on a *Bed* like this ?
 Well, ours soon grew a wretched Case,
 Wrackt, packt, and tost from Place to Place ;
 And then, a Thing that ne'er shou'd hurt one,
 She su'd poor *Billy* for her Fortune ;
 Which she no sooner had obtain'd,
 Than I a little * *Trifle* gain'd.

But

* A Thousand Pounds a Year.

But now to see how Matters turn,
 And Folks with Spite and Envy burn !
 My poor dear *Hubby* was dismiss'd,
 And struck from off the Fav'rite List,
 Only because I was belov'd——
 No other † *Crime* was ever prov'd ;
 However, sev'ral Letters past,
 And both Sides stood it to the last ;
Dame Morley, round as any Hoop,
 Swore that she wou'd not give me up :
 But *H—de* and *Mary* swore od's Blood !
 They'd make her do't ; ay that they wou'd.
 For this at *Bath* left in the Lurch,
 The May'r, for her Sake, staid from Church.
 Well, *Mary* dies and *Bill* comes home,
 And all Things then went swimming on :

The

† The D. says my Lord M. was remov'd from his Employments
 without assigning any particular Reasons ; but Age, or other Infirmi-
 ties, make her forget, that, about that Time, there was an odd Sort
 of a Story about Town relating to the betraying the Councils of a cer-
 tain Prince by a General's discovering them to his Wife ; and that
 Lieutenant General *Talmash*, and several brave Officers and Soldiers,
 were, by that Means, surpriz'd and cut to Pieces by the French Army ;
 and that K. W's Reprimand thereupon was, Fool ! I did not tell my
 Q. of it.

The Quarrel ends—but the strange Creature
Can't help declaring his ill Nature:

For *Morley's Husband*, at that Crack,
Had fetch'd from Pawn a *Suit a Black*;

And tho' he knew he had no other,

Yet his hard-hearted cruel Brother

Vow'd if he did not *Colours* wear,

He never shou'd his House come near.

Nay, what is worse, the hoggish Brute

(A Plowman sure wou'd hardly do't)

When she was big with Child he ate,

Of fine green Pease, a full-cramm'd Plate,

And ne'er let her so much as bait.

Fine ones they were, fit for a Feast,

The Peck a Shilling cost at least.

But then what still is worse and worse,

He *promis'd*, but ne'er paid the *Nurse*;

And when the Child was laid in's Grave,

No Wages to the Servants gave.

Yet for all this, soon as the last

Dead Moment came, it all was past;

I cou'd no more resent my Wrongs ;

Pity to noble Minds belongs.

No longer *Will* cou'd be my Foe,

So e'en in Quiet let him go.

When thus my Passions I controul,

Han't I, my Lord ! a God-like Soul.

The End of the first CANTO.



CANTO

C A N T O II.

SO *Billy* died, G—d rest his Soul !
 And *Nancy* came in for the Whole :
 Now you must know, upon th' Estate
 There was an *Inn*, which had been lett,
 Known by the *Name* or *Sign* of th' *Crown*,
 A good one for a Country Town.
 And to this Inn we justly thought
 A better Custom might be brought,
 Provided she kept to the Bar,
 And I, of Household Things, took Care.
 This Change was wrought so suddenly,
 I know not where I was, not I:
 For in her Brother's Time, you know,
 My Lord, our Heads we dare not show ;
 With any House glad to take up,
 Or Lodging in a Chandler's Shop :
 But when th' Estate became our own
 We were quite other Creatures soon.

'Tis true, the Maids, of Errands sent,
 When they for Soap or Candles went,
 If they in Gin a Penny spent ;
 Wou'd cry, lard ! mine's a wretched Case,
 Heav'n send me Mistrefs *Sarah's* Place :
 But from this Turn strange Things commence,
 I grew of mighty Consequence ;
 No Ostler, Porter, Drawer, Groom,
 Or Cook, or Chambermaid cou'd come,
 But first apply'd to me, for well
 I cou'd my Mistrefs' Meaning tell.
 You'll say 'tis strange then, but 'tis true,
 That the first Scheme she had in View
 Was, to my Wishes, quite contrary,
 And, from my Mind, did greatly vary.

There were two Clubs that long had strove
 To get the *Dining-Room* above ;
 Which, were it not for hurting Trade,
 A pretty Club-Room wou'd have made.
 One were a Sett of quiet Sots,
 The other quarrel'd in their Pots.

The *first* wou'd feast on *Cakes* and *Ale*,
 Or sometimes half a Pint of *Stale*——
 Whence *WHIGS* they're stil'd—The next wou'd
 O'er *Stout* all Night—whence rose the *TORY*.
 My Mistress wou'd herself get mellow,
 So hated a fly sober Fellow ;
 Which made her like a *Tory Topper*,
 And think the *Whig* an Interloper :
 Thus when we made our *Harvest-home*,
 She wou'd not let our Parson come,
 But sent for Dr. *Sh--p* to *York*,
 Who splutter'd Grace like any *Turk*.
 She gave too (which made many Quarrels)
Nat Wright the Key of all her Barrels ;
 And little *Rochee*, snug and warm,
 Was sent to Father *Ireland's* Farm ;
 Not honest *Dolphy*, nor my Spouse,
 Had had a Garret in the House,
 Had they not one Club-night at Supper,
 With *Tory* Jests shook her fat Crupper,

The *Church*, the *Church*, was all they cry'd,
 And she—(hic-cup) the *Church* reply'd ;
 Now, for my Part, I knew not what,
 By these Expressions, they'd be at.

So the next Morning when I rose
 E'er *Nell* had hardly clean'd the House,

Away to Madam's Room I goes :

Now she most plaguy Cropick was,
 And had cascaded I suppose ;

For at her Bed's-Head sily stood
 A half-drunk Pitcher of Home-brew'd.

‘ So, Mrs. *Morley* ! in a Huff

‘ Cried I, here's pretty Stuff

‘ Towards ; pray what's the Matter

‘ Your *Tory Boys* make such a Clatter ?

‘ Here they all Rule, and Order scorning,

‘ At one, two, three, or four i' th' Morning,

‘ Shall like *Freemasons*, with loud Voices,

‘ Drown quiet Christians' sober Noises,

‘ While my poor *Whigs*——here *Morley* broke

‘ My Speech, and thus in Passion spoke,

‘ Why

‘ Why faucy Mrs. *Freeman* ! sure
 ‘ You cannot think I’ll this endure ;
 ‘ Shall humdrum Whigs o’er Mild and Stale,
 ‘ Froth Politicks like bottl’d Ale,
 ‘ Spend Two-pence in my House at most,
 ‘ And then flink home without their Host?
 ‘ While jolly Tories o’er *October*,
 ‘ Or Wine or Punch, are never sober,
 ‘ But cry, *The Church and old England* !
 ‘ Till they can neither go nor stand.

‘ Pray, Mrs. *Morley*, give me Leave,
 ‘ That Word, the *Church*, does you deceive:
 ‘ For once I peep’d thro’ their Room Door,
 ‘ And saw *Jack Spriggings* on the Floor;
 ‘ THE CHURCH he cried, when these dear Eyes
 ‘ Shall swear they saw a Goblin rise,
 ‘ Full Twenty Feet at least in Height——
 ‘ I’m sure I fainted at the Sight.

‘ Well, *Freeman*, prithee don’t be surley,
 ‘ Your poor, unhappy, faithful *Morley*’

(For

(For thus she stil'd herself, poor Soul,
E'er since her sucking Pig was stole)

‘ For Trifles don't let us two differ,

‘ For Talk makes my Opinion stiffer :

‘ So ! Mrs. *Freeman*———And surely !

‘ Said I,’ fo Mrs. *Morley* !——

At this I wept, ready to burst,

And wou'd have call'd Names if I durst ;

But she flunk over Head and Ears,

And bade me get away down Stairs.

Now when I did this, let me die,

If I cou'd give a Reason why.

Howe'er my Dame and I jogg'd on

As friendly as we e'er had done :

Sometimes the *Whigs* knew where to have her,

Sometimes the *Tories* were in Favour ;

But still, methought, I was abus'd,

Things were not carried as they us'd ;

For I don't know, but, on a sudden,

One *Molly Mash*, a downright Cudden,

Was

Was grown a mighty Favourite,
 And with her Morning, Noon and Night ;
 And she had brought into Acquaintance
Bob H—ley, that look'd like a Saint once ;
 With these, when I did little dream,
 She oft was eating Curds and Cream :
 Since it is thus, thinks I, I'll hamper ye,
 So shuts myself close in the Pantrey ;
 Where I heard all their fine Discourse,
 And smelt a Rat——or something worse :
 I and poor *Jack*, my Spouse, forsooth !
 Must be turn'd off for speaking Truth ;
 While that *Jade Mash*, and her Abettor,
 Were ev'ry Day to be made greater.
 Now this *Moll Mash*, you needs must know,
 Rak'd Cinders some few Years ago ;
 But, being my *only near Relation*,
 I cou'd not see her in that Station ;
 So on the *Dust-cart Top* I sought her,
 And a new *Dowlas Smock* I bought her :

Thus

Thus clean'd, I got the foul Trugmullion
 Promoted to be Under-scullion:
 But now see how the faucy Toad
 Requited me for all this Good;
 (Nay, I h'd done more, for that great Looby,
Jack Hill, her Brother, was a Shoe-boy;
 Him ragged in the Street I found,
 And, to an honest Blacksmith bound.
 None has, I'm very apt to cry,
 Such curst Relations sure as I!)
 So, as I said, this *Molly Mash*,
 Resolv'd to kill me at a Dash,
 And told a thousand horrid Lies,
 That I stole *Sugar, Eggs and Spice*;
 Nay, that when Dame allow'd the Men
Plumb-pudding, I wou'd make it *plain*;
 That I had several Pullets sold,
 And said they perish'd in the Cold:
 These, and some more such idle Stories,
 By *her* invented, and the *Tories*,

Brought

Brought me into so much Disgrace
 That I made Signs to quit my Place,
 Not thinking once, my dear, dear Lord!
 My Dame wou'd take me at my Word;
 But, faith she did (Tears cou'd not save 'em)
 My Keys she took and to *Masb* gave 'em,
 Tho' I confes'd it vext me more,
 That they were giv'n to that W——re,
 Than all the Jars we h'd had before.

Now *Tory Rory* mounts the Clan,
Bob H——ley was her only Man:
Dolphy resign'd up his *Club Box*,
 And *Jack* had like t' have fate i' th' Stocks
 For stealing Oats, or some such Thing——
 Nay, Gad! 'twas well he didn't swing.
 So we, who once were in high Grace,
 And other Servants cou'd displace,
 Were, in the Twinkling of a Feather,
 All *Three* forc'd to pack off together.

The End of the Second CANTO.

C A N T O III.

Doubtless, my Lord! when young, you saw
 The dirty School-boys play at *Tau*,
 You little thought one of *my Sense*
 Wou'd draw a courtly Likeness thence :
 But know, the *Freedom of my Nature*
 Hath made me a strange mottley Creature.
 Thus then I simily this Ball
 Of Earth, which I a *Ring* will call,
 Where Kings, like *Bosses*, rule o'er all,
 While petty Fav'rites sneak behind
 Quite close to *knuckle* down confin'd;
 All eye the Circle, and press to 't,
 Aiming to hit their Neighbours out;
 When one his Rate of *Shot* hath ta'en,
 A *Plump* shall win them back again,
 Till the poor School-boy run in Debt,
 Is forc'd *one* on his *Tau* to sett—
 As Courtiers mortgage an Estate.

This,

This, in the former Part, you see
 Was just the very Case with me ;
 For when I thought I h'd won the Game,
 I lost my *Shot*, but found my *Shame* ;
Morley and *Freeman* now were grown
 Names out of Use, or next to none,
 While *Masb* and she made such a Pother,
 They cou'dn't *untruss* without each other.
 Now this, my Lord, I must confess,
 Is what I can't, with Ease, express ;
 My Blood boils in me like a Pot
 Whene'er I think of that vile Slut ;
 Nor can I speak the Surname fairly
 Of her Assistant *Bob Ha——Har—y* :
 For what provok'd me most of all,
 Was not to see my Places fall,
 Nor count the Ribbons, Gloves and Laces,
 And Hoods and Gowns lost in those Places :
 But that they round the Country spread,
 What a fine Service I had had ;

And

And that enough I h'd hoarded up
 To take a handsome Mill'ner's Shop.
 They fixt up Papers 'bout the Town
 To tell the Cust'mers what I h'd done :
 First, that, like a careless W——e,
 I oft left ope the Cellar Door ;
 And when I mended her old Gowns,
 Spoil'd many Silk ones for the Nonce :
 Next, I h'd abus'd my Mistress' Favour,
 By undermining fly Behaviour ;
 To cheat and rob her of her Pelf,
 And get all Places to myself ;
 And, thirdly, that I oft took Fees
 To get Folks into Services.
 Now this so bristled up my Back,
 I swore the Wretches to attack ;
 You'll scarce believe me when I say,
 I h'd the Wind Cholic for't a Day :
 Thinks I, I'll write to ease my Pain ;
 I wrote, broke Wind, broke Wind, and wrote
 (again :

And

And thus, from *Top* to *Bottom* down,
I vent my Spleen on all the Town.

Ye d—d confounded R——es and W——s,
Trulls, Sluts, and dirty Slaves and Boors ;
All ye wh' have rail'd and swore at me,
Read and attend to what you see ;
But first observe this Truth I tell,
I, in all Virtue, onl' excel ;
For quite throughout this World so wide
There's no one just or good beside :
Believe it then as Gospel strong,
Tho' I aver that Right is Wrong ;
If you repeat it, never heed it,
It is enough that *Sarah said it*.

As to the first Charge 'bout old Cloaths,
I know full well from whence it rose ;
Poor Madam *Morley* cou'd not bear
Any Thing Second-Hand to wear,
Tho' often I wou'd found the Praises
Of *Monmouth*, *Ragg Fair*, and such Places.

Thus,

Thus, as she nothing wore but new Things,
 From Grogram Hoods, ev'n down to Shoe-strings.
 W' had many Tradesmen to and fro,
 And Money sometimes running low,
 I was oblig'd to give my Note,
 And this great Custom to me brought.
 The former Servants, in like Case,
 Us'd to take Poundage in their Place :
 But Heav'n help my honest Heart,
 I cou'd not act so vile a Part ;
 Now as I had a wretched Head
 At Cyph'ring, as before I've said,
 I hir'd one at Eve of *Lammas*,
 To do it for me, one Dame *Thomas* ;
 She paid the Cash, Receipts she took,
 And enter'd them in Paper Book :
 For this, as I h'd no Coin to give her,
 And she had been a topping Liver,
 I once, in half a Year or so,
 Flung her a good silk Gown or two ;

So made the Office worth t' her clear
 About Two Hundred Pounds a Year.
 These Things Dame *Morley* cou'd not miss—
 Pray where was all the Harm of this ?

Next let me set it all to rights
 'Bout Places and their Perquisites :
 'Tis true, I had my full Desire,
 And got some pretty Pickings by her :
 And to complain I had no Room,
 For when she h'd little, I had some ;
 And when she met with better Fare,
 I'm sure I came in for my Share.
 But let these two Things more evince
 My *Generosity* and *Prudence* ;
 One Day in a fond loving Fit,
 When *Harriet* was a little Chit,
 She said she'd give her *Ten good Pound*
 When to a Husband she was bound ;
 But knowing she cou'd not afford it,
 Let me, to endless Time record it,

The bravest, noblest Thing alive,
I let her but accept of *Five*.

Then, lastly, as to *selling Places*,
True, when I was in Madam's Graces,
I did sell Three or Four, or so,
To make the Jack on *Sunday* go ;
But Conscience prickt me when I took it,
So I repaid it out of Pocket :
But then, as I'm a living Christian,
A Bribe I never did insist on ;
And for the Truth of what I've said
I'ppeal to Persons long since dead :
Were they alive, and here to shew it,
'Tis ten to one if I shou'd do it.

And now, my Lord, from first to last
The fiery Trial I have past :
Excuse the Theme, the Stile the same,
You know 'tis all a *Flight for Fame* ;
The World, with Praise, my Tale rewarding, }
Will be a Means of Death retarding ; }
If not, I care not one Brass Farthing ; }
For, as the Wretch, in *Horace* says,
I value not Reproach or Praise,
I'll plaud myself whene'er I'm nam'd,
.. Let the Town hiss me and be d——d.

F I N I S.

B  L

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